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CELTIC MYTHOLOGY.

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I.

THE field of Mythology, strictly defined, embraces the fabulous events believed in by a nation and the religious doctrines implied in these. But the term is for convenience' sake extended so as to include the kindred subject of folk-lore. Now folk-lore includes all those popular stories of which the fairy tales of our nursery are a good illustration, and where the religious element implied in Mythology is absent. The term Celtic Mythology, in these papers, is understood, therefore, to include the popular traditions and legendary tales of the Celts, the fabulous actions and exploits of their heroes and deities, the traditions of their early migrations, their fairy tales, and the popular beliefs in regard to the supernatural world. The scope of the discussion will include an introductory paper or two on the general principles of Mythology—its cause and spread, and the connection of the Mythology of the Celts with those of the kindred nations of Europe and Asia.

CHARACTER OF MYTH.

"There was once a farmer, and he had three daughters. They were washing clothes at a river. A hoodie crow came round, and he said to the eldest one, '*M-pos-u-mi*—Will you marry me—farmer's daughter?' 'I won't, indeed, you ugly

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brute; an ugly brute is a hoodie,' said she. He came to the second one on the morrow, and he said to her, '*M-pos-u-mi—Wilt thou wed me?*' 'Not I, indeed,' said she; 'an ugly brute is a hoodie.' The third day he said to the youngest, '*M-pos-u-mi—Wilt thou wed me—farmer's daughter?*' 'I will wed thee,' said she; 'a pretty creature is the hoodie.' And on the morrow they married.

"The hoodie said to her, 'Whether wouldst thou rather that I should be a hoodie by day and a man at night; or be a hoodie at night and a man by day?' 'I would rather that thou wert a man by day and a hoodie at night,' says she. After this he was a splendid fellow by day and a hoodie at night. A few days after he got married he took her to his own house.

"At the birth of the first child, there came at night the very finest music that ever was heard about the house. Every one slept, and the child was taken away. Her father came to the door in the morning, and he was both sorrowful and wrathful that the child was taken away.

"The same thing, despite their watching, happened at the birth of the second child; music—sleep—and stealing of the child. The same thing happened, too, at the birth of the third child, but on the morning of the next day they went to another house that they had, himself and his wife and his sisters-in-law. He said to them by the way, 'See that you have not forgotten something.' The wife said, 'I forgot my coarse comb.' The coach in which they were fell a withered faggot, and he flew away as a hoodie!

"Her two sisters returned, and she followed after him. When he would be on a hill-top, she would follow to try and catch him; and when she would reach the top of a hill, he would be in the hollow on the other side. When night came, and she was tired, she had no place of rest or dwelling. She saw a little house of light far from her, and though far from her, she was not long in reaching it.

"When she reached the house she stood deserted at the door. She saw a little laddie about the house, and she yearned after him exceedingly. The house-wife told her to come in, that she knew her cheer and travel. She lay down, and no sooner did the day come than she rose. She went out, and as she was going from hill to hill, saw a hoodie, whom she followed as on the day before. She came to a second house; saw a second laddie;

pursued the hoodie on a third day, and arrived at night at a third house. Here she was told she must not sleep, but be clever and catch the hoodie when he would visit her during night. But she slept; he came where she was, and let fall a ring on her right hand. Now, when she woke, she tried to catch hold of him, and she caught a feather of his wing. He left the feather with her, and went away. In the morning she did not know what to do till the house-wife told her that he had gone over a hill of poison, over which she could not go without horse shoes on her hands and feet. She gave her man's clothes, and told her to learn smithying till she could make horse-shoes for herself.

"This she did, and got over the hill of poison. But on the day of her arrival, she found that her husband was to be married to the daughter of a great gentleman that was in the town. As festivities were in progress, the cook of the house asked the stranger to take his place and make the wedding meal. She watched the bridegroom, and let fall the ring and feather in the broth intended for him. With the first spoon he took up the ring, with the next the feather. He asked for the person who cooked the meal, and said, 'that now was his married wife.' The spells went off him. They turned back over the hill of poison, she throwing the horse-shoes behind her to him, as she went a bit forward, and he following her. They went to the three houses where she had been. These were the houses of his three sisters; and they took with them their three sons, and they came home to their own home, and they were happy." *

Such is a good specimen of the folk-tale, and the folk-tales are merely the modern representatives of the old Mythology—merely the detritus, as it were, of the old myths which dealt with the gods and the heroes of the race. In the above tale we are in quite a different world from the practical and scientific views of the 19th century; we have birds speaking and acting as rational beings, and yet exciting no wonder to the human beings they come in contact with; supernatural spells whereby men may be turned into animals; a marriage with a bird, which partially breaks these spells, and the bird becomes a man for part of the day; supernatural kidnapping, ending in the disappearance of the man-bird; and pursuit of him by the wife through fairy

* Abridged from Campbell's *West Highland Tales*, vol. 1, p. 63.

regions of charms and spells and untold hardships—a pursuit which ends successfully. It looks all a wild maze of childish nonsense, unworthy of a moment's serious consideration ; it would certainly appear to be a hopeless subject for scientific research ; for what could science, whose object is truth, have to do with a tissue of absurdities and falsehoods ? But this view is a superficial one, though it is the one commonly held. On looking more deeply into the matter, we shall find that after all there is a method in the madness of Mythology, and that the incongruous mass of tales and broken-down myths that make up a nation's folk-lore is susceptible of scientific treatment. Science first attacks the problem by the method of comparison ; it compares the myths and tales of one nation with those of another, with the view of discovering similarities. The outlines, for example, of the tale already given, exist not merely in one or two more tales in our own folk-lore, but can also be traced over all the continent of Europe, as well as in many parts of Asia. The outline of the tale is this—The youngest and best of three daughters is married or given up to some unsightly being or monster, who in reality is a most beautiful youth, but who is under certain spells to remain in a low form of life until some maiden is found to marry him. He then regains his natural form, though, as a rule, only partially ; and the newly-married pair have to work out his complete redemption from the spells. But, just as he is about to be free from the spells, the curiosity or disobedience of the wife ruins everything ; he disappears, and then follows for the wife the dark period of wandering and toil, which can be brought to an end only by the achievement of tasks, generally three in number, each hopelessly beyond human powers. The husband, who meanwhile has forgotten, owing to the nature of the spells upon him, all about his wife, is on the eve of marrying another, when the last task of all is accomplished by the persevering courage of the wife. The spells then leave him for ever, and happiness reigns in the household ever after.

There are in our Highland folk-lore one or two versions of this same tale. The story of the "Daughter of the Skies," in Mr Campbell's book, is one variation. Here the hoodie-crow is replaced by a little doggie, and the wife's disobedience is clearly brought out, while the supernatural machinery—the magical

scissors and needle, for example—is much more elaborate. The tale also is found in Norway; in the Norse tale, “East of the Sun and West of the Moon,” the hero appears at first as a white bear, who, on his marriage with the heroine, becomes a man by night. She must not, however, see him, for light must not fall on his body or else he at once disappears. But the wife, instigated by her mother, steals a sight of him by lamp-light, with the consequence that he awakes and vanishes. Then follow her trials, pursuit, and recovery of him. The beautiful Greek tale of *Psyche* and *Cupid* is but a variation of the same myth. *Psyche*, the youngest of three royal daughters, incurs the wrath of *Venus*, who sends *Cupid* to inspire her with love for something contemptible; as *Titania*, in *Shakespeare*, is made to fall in love with the transformed weaver, *Bottom*. But *Cupid*, captivated by her beauty, falls in love with her himself, conveys her to a secret cave, and visits her only at night, under strict charge of her not attempting to see him by any light. Her jealous sisters persuade her that she is married to some ugly monster, and she accordingly determines to disobey his injunctions, and inspect him by lamp-light. In so doing, she allows in her admiration of his beauty, a drop of hot oil to fall on his shoulder, and he awakes, and escapes. She suffers woes untold in her pursuit of him, being finally a slave in the household of *Venus*, who treats her very cruelly. But, of course, she recovers her lost lover at long last. And, again, in *India*, in the old religious books of the *Brahmins*, is a somewhat similar tale—the story of *Urvashi* and *Pururavas*, the main features of which are the same as the *Gaelic* and *Greek* tales already given. To the English reader, the well-known tale of “*Beauty and the Beast*” will at once occur as an exact parallel to all these. And, if we take the myths where the heroine is the loathly monster, we shall find an equally wide distribution. We have the *Hindu* tale, where the Princess is disguised as a withered old woman; the *Loathly Lady* of *Teutonic Mythology*; and the *Celtic* story of *Diarmad*’s love for the daughter of the king of the Land under the Waves, who appears first as a hideous monster, and becomes, on approaching *Diarmad*, the most beautiful woman ever seen.

Thus, then, we have traced the same myth among nations so widely apart as the *Celts* and *Hindus*, while, intermediate between these, we found it among the *Greeks* and *Teutons*. And some

myths are even more widely distributed than that; the tale of the imprisoned maiden and the hero who rescues her from the dragon or monster appears among all the nations of Europe as well as among many of the nations of Asia. Hence, from India in the East, to Ireland in the West, we may find a great mass of mythical tales common to the various nations. And this being the case, it may plainly become a matter of scientific enquiry, first, What the cause of these peculiar myths and tales can be? and, secondly, What the significance is of their wide distribution?

CAUSE OF MYTH.

The cause and origin of these myths have puzzled philosophers of all ages, and it is only a generation ago when the first unravelling of the difficult problem really took place. In olden times their origin was set down to the well-known faculty of invention that man possesses; they were mere inventions and fictions, mostly purposeless, though some were evidently intended for explanations of natural phenomena or of historical events, and others again for the conveyance of moral truth. There were practically two schools of myth-explainers; those who regarded myths as mere allegories or parables, and from them extracted codes of moral obligation and hidden knowledge of the mysteries of nature; and, again, those who, so to speak, "rationalised" the myths—that is to say, those who explained myths as exaggerated real events. Some of these explained, for example, Jupiter as king of Crete in the pre-historic times; and, again, the giant that Jack killed, according to such explanations, was not necessarily far exceeding the natural limit of six or seven feet in height, for the only point to notice was that he was a big burly brute of little sense, overcome by the astuteness of a much lesser man. But this theory gets into grave difficulties when it grapples with the supernatural and the supranatural; in fact, it fails ignominiously. And as to the allegorical theory, while it has no difficulty in explaining Jack the Giant Killer as merely the personification of the truth that power of mind is superior to power of body, that theory is completely wrecked in explaining the myths of Jupiter and the gods generally. No allegory can explain most of these myths, especially the older myths; while the different explanations given by different "allegorizers" of

even the simplest myths point to a fundamental error in this theory. Now, it must not be supposed that both allegory and real events had no share in the formation of myths; they were, indeed, most potent factors in the later stages of Mythology, and must have existed all along as a cause for myth. Another theory may be noticed in passing as to the origin of myths in regard to the deities and cosmogony of the world. It may be called the "degradation" theory, and the principle of it is this: As all languages were supposed by theologians to be descendants of the original Hebrew tongue spoken in Eden, so the Mythology of all nations must be more or less a broken-down remembrance of the Hebrew religion and philosophy, first imparted to man in the Garden of Eden. The stoutest supporter of this view is Mr Gladstone. He goes so far as to hold that distinct traces of the Trinity can be found in Greek Mythology, and he consequently resolves Zeus, Appollo, and Athena into the three persons of the Trinity! Supposing for a moment that this theory of the degradation of myth was true, or, indeed, that our only explanation was either or both of the other theories, what a mass of senseless wickedness and immorality much of the deservedly admired Greek Mythology would be? Such theories would argue equal wickedness in the race from whose fancy such inventions sprung: for the Greek Olympus is very full of rapine, paricide, and vice. Yet the Greeks were neither an immoral nor degraded race, but far otherwise. It is this dark side of a nation's Mythology that has puzzled and shocked so many philosophers, and made shipwreck of their theories as to the origin of myths.

With the rise of the science of language and its marked success, all within this century, a complete revolution has taken place, not merely in the case of philology itself, but also in the kindred subjects of Ethnology and Mythology. The methods adopted in linguistic research have also been adopted in the case of Mythology—first, all preconceptions and national prejudices have been put aside; then a careful, even painful examination and comparison of languages have been made, to find laws of interchange of sounds; a consequent discovery of the relationships between languages has taken place; and lastly, a discussion as to the origin of language is thus rendered possible. Exactly the same methods have been employed in the elucidation of

myths, with a success that, on the whole, is gratifying. In so airy and fanciful a subject, results of such strict scientific accuracy cannot be obtained as in the kindred science of language. And a good deal of harm has also been done, even with scientific methods, by pressing some theories of explanation too far. Some Mythologists, for example, are too apt to reduce every myth to a myth about the sun, and hence the evil repute of the "solar myth" theory. But this is merely a good theory injudiciously used; it does not alter the fact of the importance in Mythology of the sun worship.

G L E N Q U A I C H.

[THE Breadalbane Clearances were effected on an extensive scale; and Glenquaich, rendered classic by the genius of Sir Walter Scott in "Waverley," probably suffered more by this scourge than any other locality in the district. These evictions were the work of John, second Marquis of Breadalbane, who died at Lausanne in 1862, and his factor, Wyllie, a name, speaking from experience, that is redolent of unhallowed memories to the honest, well-to-do Breadalbane settlers in Canada.]

I well remember when this lonely glen
Was thickly peopled with a race of men
Whose sires from foe were never known to turn,
Who fought and won with Bruce at Bannockburn;
(Alas, at Flodden and Culloden too!)
In Egypt, India, Spain, at Waterloo,
Or wheresoe'er their country called them forth,
Aye ready were the brave sons of the North;
Their gallant deeds will never cease to be
The brightest page in British history.

Forgotten this to their descendants dear,
Harsh rule their lot and cruelties severe;
Alas! from homes their father's swords had won,
Were driven forth from much-loved Caledon,
From all held sacred forced like brutes away,
The young, the stalwart, and the old and gray,
By lordling's whim and crafty factor's sway.

Evicted thus were Albyn's sons of fame,
Their lands are teeming now with sheep and game!
How sad and lonesome this once happy glen,
Where, oh Glenquaich! have gone thy gallant men?

Doomed on whom falls the heartless factor's frown,
Oh, God, arise and crush such tyrants down!

DUNCAN MACGREGOR CRERAR.

New York.

THE HISTORY OF THE CAMERONS.

By the EDITOR.

V.

XIII. EWEN CAMERON, was called "Eoghainn Beag" to distinguish him from his grandfather, Eoghainn MacAilein, who, as we have seen in our last chapter, outlived Donald, his eldest son (Eoghainn Beag's father), for many years. Eoghainn Beag, in consequence, succeeded his grandfather as thirteenth chief of the clan, but nothing is known of his short and apparently uneventful career, except the manner in which he met his death in early life. When quite a young man he became acquainted with a daughter of Macdougall of Lorne, by whom he had a son, "Domhnall MacEoghainn Bhig," better known as "Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe," afterwards one of the most celebrated warriors of the clan, and whose career was well described by Mrs Mary Mackellar in our last issue.

The cause and manner of the death of the chief is thus described:—"Being in his younger years much enamoured of a daughter of the Laird of Macdougall, he found the lady so 'complaisant' that she fell with child to him. Her father dissembled his resentment and artfully drew Lochiel to a communing in Island-na-Cloiche, where, having previously concealed a party of men, he made him his prisoner, upon his refusing to marry her, and shut him up in the Castle of Inch-Connel, in Lochow, a freshwater lake, at a good distance from Lochaber, to which his friends could not have easy access, on account of the difficulty of providing themselves with boats. As soon as the news came to Lochaber, his clan resolved to hazard all for his relief, and, having made the necessary preparations, his foster-father, Martin MacDhonnachaidh of Letter-Finlay, chief of the MacMartins, an ancient and numerous tribe of the Camerons, put himself at the head of a numerous party, and soon made himself master of the castle. Lochiel was then playing at cards with his keeper or governor, named MacArthur, and was so overjoyed at his approaching delivery, that, observing him much alarmed at the

noise made by the assailants, he over-hastily discovered the design for which he paid dear. For the villain [MacArthur,] to satisfy his own and his master's resentment, immediately extinguished the lights, and thrusting his dirk or poniard below the table, which stood between them, wounded him in the belly. His deliverers, in the meantime, rushing into his apartment, carried him to their boats, where, the night being cold, he called for an oar to heat himself with exercise, but upon stretching his body, he became first sensible of his wound, which soon after proved mortal. His party having landed and put him to bed returned to the castle, and, in revenge of his death, dispatched MacArthur and all the men that were with him."* Ewen Beag and his followers refused to attend a Royal Court held at Inverness in 1552, when a commission was granted to the Earls of Huntly and Argyll against the Camerons and the Macdonalds of Clanranald, who proceeded to Lochaber against them, but the result is involved in obscurity. Ewen died about this time; but whether he was captured and executed under Huntly's commission, has not been ascertained. It is, however, placed beyond dispute that he must have died before 1554, for in that year Queen Mary granted to George, Earl of Huntly and Murray, the nonentry dues of all the lands belonging to "the deceased Ewin Camroun, alias Littil Ewin, Captain of the Clancamroun, and also the marriage of his brother and heir, Donald Dow, or other lawful heir."†

Leaving no legitimate issue, he was succeeded by his brother, XIV. DONALD CAMERON, commonly known as "Domhnull Dubh Mac Dhomhnuill," who is found on record in 1564. In that year Queen Mary granted to "Donald Cameroun, the son and heir of the deceased Donald Cameroun or Alansoun of Locheill, the five pennylands, called Lettirfinlay, of the old extent of 40s.; the five pennylands, called Stronnabaw, of the same old extent; and the five pennylands of Lindalie, of the old extent of 50s., all of which were formerly held by them of the deceased George, Earl of Huntlie, by whom the lands were forfeited."‡ The Earl of Huntly had been convicted and forfeited for high treason in the previous year for his opposition to the Queen during her visit to Inverness. On that occasion Donald Cameron of Lochiel joined

* Memoirs of Lochiel, pp. 33-34. † *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*.

‡ *Origines Parochiales Scotiæ*, Vol. ii., Part ii., p. 177.

her Majesty against the forces of the rebellious Earl, arriving too late to meet her at Inverness, but just in time to take a part with his followers in the battle of Corrichy. His lands had been forfeited with those of the Earl, who was Lochiel's superior, but on application they were restored as a reward for his personal loyalty on this occasion, and the faithful services previously rendered by him since he had assumed the chiefship of his clan. The charter differed from the previous one, insomuch that it was changed from a blench few into a ward, but, according to the family chronicler, ennobled with all the immunities and privileges that the Earl and his predecessors formerly enjoyed.

Donald was murdered, during a violent dispute that broke out among the clan towards the end of Queen Mary's reign, by some of his own kinsmen, the chief instruments of his death being his uncles, Ewen, progenitor of the Camerons of Erracht; and John, the founder of the family of Kinlochiel, both younger sons of Ewen Allanson, twelfth chief, who was executed, as we have already seen, with Donald Glas Macdonald of Keppoch, at Elgin, in 1547.*

According to the "Memoirs," he was married to a daughter of the Laird of Maclean, by whom he had a posthumous son, who succeeded his father. Here the author of the "Memoirs" is undoubtedly in error. If this Donald Dubh was really married, he does not appear to have left any issue. And, according to all the authorities, as well as the current traditions of the country, he was succeeded as chief by his infant nephew, son of Ian Dubh or Black John, a third son of Donald, the eldest son of Ewen Allanson, twelfth chief, by Anne Grant of Grant. This young chief was

XV. ALLAN CAMERON, generally described in contemporary records as Alan "Mac Ian Duibh," but sometimes as Alan "Mac Dhomhnuill Duibh," the latter applied to him, it seems, as the patronymic of the clan. This will account for the error into which the author of the "Memoirs" has fallen in calling him the son of "Donald Dubh," his predecessor in the chiefship, while in point of fact he was Donald's nephew, and direct progenitor of the present head of the house of Lochiel. His granduncles, Erracht and Kinlochiel, took possession of the estate, on the pretence that

* See p. 156, where the progenitor of Erracht is erroneously called Donald.

they were acting as Allan's natural guardians, but it was feared by the more immediate friends of the young chief that his life was not safe from his grasping relatives if he should remain in Lochaber. They, therefore, had him removed to Mull, to be brought up and cared for under the charge of his mother's relations, the Macleans of Duart. During his absence the clan was governed by his uncles, but Gregory informs us that, they having made themselves obnoxious by their insolence and tyranny, Donald Mac Eoghainn Bhig, "the bastard son of a former chief," was brought forward by a party in the clan to oppose them. The Laird of Mackintosh, taking advantage of these dissensions, invaded the Cameron territory, and forced Erracht and Kinlochiel to enter into a treaty regarding the disputed lands of Glenluy and Locharkaig, which was considered very disadvantageous to the Camerons; and the feeling displayed by the clan when the terms of this treaty became known was so strong that the uncles, who entered into it, were compelled to repudiate it, and to prepare at once for an immediate attack on the Mackintoshes. To strengthen themselves in the expedition against Clan Chattan, they attempted a reconciliation with Donald Mac Eoghainn, better known as "Taillear Dubh na Tuaighe," and arranged a meeting with him and some of his followers at the Castle of Inverlochy, where Ewen of Erracht was murdered by some of Donald's followers, and John of Kinlochiel was compelled to leave the district; but the latter was afterwards apprehended by the Earl of Argyll, at the instance of Donald the Bastard, and executed at the Castle of Dunstaffnage. Allan of Lochiel was then called home, when, induced by false reports of evil intentions alleged to be entertained towards him by Donald Mac Eoghainn, he consented to have him put to death,* an act so strongly resented by the clan, with whom Donald was a great favourite, that Allan himself was obliged to leave Lochaber for a time, until, while resident in Appin, he nearly lost his life in a local broil, the clan invited him home, and, about the year 1585, he again assumed command of his clan.†

* Allan was told on his return that not only was Donald Mac Eoghainn Bhig responsible for the death of Allan's uncles, but that he was guilty of the more criminal design of depriving Allan himself of his life and fortune, "upon pretence that he was no bastard, but the son of a lawful marriage."

† Gregory, *Highlands and Isles*, pp. 228-229.

When Allan first returned to Lochaber he was about seventeen years of age. The broil which had nearly cost him his life in Appin is thus described at length in the "Memoirs:"—"The Laird of Glenurchy, predecessor to the Earl of Breadalbane, chosing to hold a Baron court in that neighbourhood, Lochiel went thither to divert himself, and there, accidentally meeting with one Macdougall of Fairlochine, a near relation of the bastard, he challenged him upon some unmannerly expressions which he had formerly dropped against him with relation to that gentleman's death. But Macdougall, instead of excusing himself, gave such a rude answer as provoked Lochiel to make a blow at him with his sword, and some of the bye-standers, willing to prevent the consequences, seized and held him [Lochiel] fast. While he made a most violent struggle to get loose, one of his servants, happening to come up at the same time, fancied that he was apprehended by Glenurchy's orders, whom he foolishly suspected to have designs upon his life. This put the fellow into such a rage that he had not patience to examine into the matter; but, encountering with Archibald, Glenurchy's eldest son, whom the noise of the bustle had drawn thither in that unlucky juncture, he barbarously plunged his dagger into his heart. The multitude, upon this, turned their swords against the unhappy fellow, but he, with his dirk in the one hand, and his sword in the other, defended himself with that incredible valour, that it is likely he would have escaped by the favour of approaching night, if he had not, as he retreated backward, stumbled upon a plough that took him behind and brought him to the ground, where he was cut to pieces. No sooner had the enraged multitude dispatched the servant than they furiously rushed upon the master, who, though he received several wounds, had the good fortune, after a vigorous and gallant defence, to make his escape, wherein he was much assisted by the darkness of the night, which covered his retreat. The news of this, and several other adventures, made his clan impatient to have him among them. All their divisions were now at an end, and their chief was of sufficient age and capacity to manage his own affairs, so that he was welcomed to Lochaber with universal joy."

Allan was a brave chief. He made several raids into the Mackintosh country, carrying away with him large booties on those occasions. In the quarrels which then raged so hotly between the Earls of Moray and Huntly, Lochiel joined the

latter, and guarded the Castle of Ruthven for Huntly, while he attempted unsuccessfully to repair it. This involved Lochiel in constant feuds and sanguinary conflicts with the Mackintoshes, but he generally succeeded in getting the best of them, and was often able to carry a rich spoil from the enemy's country to his own.

In a letter by Robert Bowes to Lord Burleigh, dated the 23rd of September 1591, describing what the king, who was then at Perth, was doing, he mentions, among other things, his Majesty's attempt to appease the quarrels and slaughters which then daily occurred between the Earl of Huntly and the lairds of Grant and Mackintosh, with others, in which the lairds of Lochaber and Cameron had "killed XLI. of Macintoyses men, and XXIII. tennants of Grant, and hurt the Larde of Balen-dalough." Soon after this Lochiel again defeated the Mackintoshes on their own lands of Badenoch, with a loss of fifty men.

An indenture was entered into between Huntly and Allan Cameron of Lochiel, dated 6th of March 1590-1, by which the latter became bound to assist Huntly against all his enemies, particularly the Mackintoshes and Grants; while the Earl, on the other hand, engaged to reward Allan to his entire satisfaction, and promised him that he should enter into no agreement with his own opponents which did not also include Lochiel. In terms of this agreement, Allan Cameron fought with Huntly at the battle of Glenlivet, in 1594, where, at the head of a few of his clan, he performed signal service against his old enemies, the Mackintoshes, whom "he defeated, and pursued with great eagerness, and did Huntly such services as merited a different reward from that which he afterwards got," an account of which, with the remaining portion of Allan's career, must be held over for our next.

(To be continued.)

NEW GAELIC PUBLICATION.—Mr Neil Macleod, one of the best and sweetest of living Gaelic bards, has a selection of his Poems and Songs in the press, under the title of "Clarsach an Doire." The work will be issued immediately by Messrs MacLachlan & Stewart, Edinburgh, and A. & W. Mackenzie, *Celtic Magazine* Office, Inverness.

THE GLENDALE CROFTERS.

THE result of the trial of the Glendale crofters has been in strict accord with the expectations of all who have studied the long and sorrowful story of which this is the latest chapter. The Judges are obliged to act upon statutes framed by a class in their own interests; and in the present instance it was hardly possible for them to be more lenient than they have been. It is beyond their Lordships' province to rise to the region of equity; and the administrators of the law in Scotland have never been known to violate its letter, except, perhaps, where they had to deal with a statute passed in the interest of temperance or to give the farmer a title to destroy the rabbits feeding upon his crops. Then, as in that queer case from Kelso the other day, the statute is apt to kick the beam in the interest of the public-house; and nobody needs to be told how the Court of Session drove more than the proverbial coach-and-six through the Rabbits Bill, and made of no account the law that had been newly enacted at Westminster for the protection of the farmer. All these things are duly noted by the public, and the sentence passed on the crofters has this moral disadvantage attaching to it that nobody thinks any the worse of the poor men who are now in prison. They were loudly cheered as they left the dock; their families will be well seen to—in spite of the *Scotsman's* sneers at their friends—while they remain in custody; and they will be certain to get a warm welcome from the public when the day of liberation arrives. It does not seem to be a desirable thing that the moral sense of the community should be excited in favour of men who have been sent to jail. Either that moral sense or the law with which it conflicts must be defective. In the present case we do not believe that the feeling of the community can be said to be at fault. If any one wishes to become fully acquainted with the facts that account for the feeling, let him procure the handsome volume that has just been issued under the title of "The History of the Highland Clearances." Its author, Mr A. Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot., who fills the office of Dean of Guild at Inverness, is singled out, along with Professor Blackie, by the Edinburgh organ of the Parliament House and the Whig oligarchy for special reprobation. Our contemporary, in its impression of yesterday, assails him with great violence and in language which strikes us as perilously near libel. It says he is responsible for putting the Glendale men in prison, and that he will leave them to pay the penalty now that they are reaping the fruit of the advice that he and his friends have given. Mr Mackenzie will probably never dream of making legal reprisals upon his culminator; nor has he the slightest occasion to be ashamed of the work for which he is so bitterly abused by the *Scotsman*. He has the satisfaction of knowing that his efforts to deliver the crofters from that condition of poverty to which they have been reduced by a system of legalised spoliation and robbery have not been in vain, and that they are now on the eve of leading to most important results. It is this fact, doubtless, that explains the increasing acerbity of the organ of the so-called political economists and of the legal pedants at Edinburgh. It is terribly annoyed to see a Royal Commission granted, and still more, perhaps, to discover that in spite of all its prophesying the people of this country have arrived at the decided conclusion that the crofters are the victims of a huge injustice, and that their grievous wrongs must be redressed. Mr Mackenzie's book places it beyond all doubt that, when they have not been cruelly evicted after the gentle manner of the Sutherland Clearances, where the mother in childbed and the

aged grandparents unable to rise from their chairs have been lifted out on to the roadside, while the dwelling in which they had spent their life was reduced before their eyes to ashes, the Highland peasantry have been systematically deprived of the grazing ground, without which it was impossible for them to make a comfortable living. In this way a pretext has been manufactured for the lying allegation that their country is not able to support them, and that the only alternative is expatriation. This is the grand outstanding fact illustrated on every page of the record. The poor people have been driven from the good ground on which they made a good living to bad ground on which nobody could live; they have been ousted from their peaceful glens and thrown like weeds upon the sea-shore; and then overcrowding has been urged as an excuse for the process of depopulation. The entire system is one worthier of despotic Russia than of constitutional Britain. It makes our blood run cold to read of the enormities that have been perpetrated, which the law has ever been ready to screen, and the *Scotsman* to vindicate with its pretentious philosophy and its affected reverence for a law to which it has always rendered abject submission except when it was mulcted in damages for defaming Mr Duncan M'Laren. In that case it took leave to speak of the law in terms which it would no doubt deem most flagitious were they employed by the Glendale crofters to-day. We observe that Mr Mackenzie has been called to account by Mr Thomas Sellar, a son of the Duke of Sutherland's old factor, for reprinting what Donald Macleod wrote in his "Gloomy Memories" about Mr Sellar's case. We cannot help thinking that Mr Thomas Sellar has been ill-advised. He may make matters worse so far as his family name is concerned; we do not see how he will be able to improve them. Mr Mackenzie has taken the proper course. He will immediately issue a reprint of the full report of Sellar's trial, which took place in 1816. This will give the public an opportunity of judging the whole question for themselves. The report has become so rare that it is scarcely possible to procure a copy of it. The surviving friends of Mr Mackid have no reason to regret the resurrection of this trial. It will throw a lurid light on the story of the Highland evictions; and it will probably do a public good by intensifying the determination of the public that the impending inquiry must be a reality and not a sham.—*Leader, Greenock Telegraph.*

THE GLENDALE CROFTERS.—The Glendale Crofters, as is well known, were convicted of a technical Contempt of Court for Breach of Interdict—the Judges dealing with the law and the facts in their own case—and sentenced to two months imprisonment. The Editor of the *Celtic Magazine* visited them in Calton Prison, Edinburgh, on the 6th of April, and intimated to them, as he had done at a meeting of friends on the previous evening in the Royal Hotel, Edinburgh, that he had succeeded in collecting a sum of £20 among Inverness friends to aid in the maintenance of themselves and families during their incarceration. The men expressed themselves extremely grateful for the interest taken by outsiders in their case, and requested Mr Mackenzie to intimate to their friends that they are more comfortable in prison than they could have possibly anticipated; that every official was as considerate as the regulations would allow; and that they had nothing but good to say of everyone connected with the prison. They were all in the same room, and were provided with the best bedding and a fire, while their food was regularly sent in to them three times a day from a restaurant. They asked Mr Mackenzie to request their friends at home not to commit any act which would bring odium on those who sympathised with them outside, and that they should keep strictly within the law. John Morrison—the eldest of the three—had been complaining, but he was fast recovering, and the others were in excellent health and spirits. Believing as they did that the circumstance was not accidental, they were much delighted at the enlightenment of their evenings by frequently hearing the bagpipes in the neighbourhood playing familiar airs, an arrangement by their Edinburgh friends of a remarkably considerate and delicate nature.

THE ETHICS OF POLITICAL ECONOMY.

IV.—WHAT IS RENT?—(*Continued.*)

THE appearance of Mr George's book, "Progress and Poverty," marks an era in the development of thought on the subject of land in English-speaking countries, not on account of any scientific merit which it possesses, but because it appeals most powerfully to an already awakened public conscience, roused into activity by a sense of injustice and inequality, which could only arise by the existence of privilege and unequal laws. This feeling is not confined to countries like the United Kingdom and India, with their teeming populations; but it also extends to the United States, the Dominion of Canada, and the Australian Colonies.

Only for its wide circulation, and for the large share of the public attention which his book has commanded, it would be hardly necessary to notice Mr George's discussion of what he calls "The laws of distribution," but as rent forms the main subject, or problem, of which he professes to have given a scientific solution, I shall make a brief digression in order to show how completely he fails to explain the phenomenon of *natural* rent, and how an adherence to Ricardo's theory seems to have mystified him, and led him to a dangerous conclusion.

I may remind the reader that, in a former paper, I pointed out how the landlord, as such, could not find a place in my classification of values, nor in an equation of justice according to Aristotle's formula of distribution. For the same reason, as I shall subsequently show, natural rent cannot become a term in proportionals, but, strange to say, Mr George not only gives a *law* of rent, but he makes it also a term in *his laws* of distribution, while he finishes up by proposing its confiscation.

To any one who has a proper conception of what law is, especially natural law, it must appear evident that the reason for confiscation is that a thing is unlawful. This inconsistency of reason, or argument, is hardly more remarkable than Mr George's method of dealing with profit and interest:—

"Thus, neither in its common meaning, nor in the meaning expressly assigned to it in the current political economy, can profits have any place in the discussion of the

distribution of wealth between the three factors of production. Either in its common meaning, or in the meaning expressly assigned to it, to talk about the distribution of wealth into rent, wages, and profits, is like talking of the division of mankind into men, women, and human beings." [Shakespeare divided mankind into men, women, and children.]

"Yet, this, to the utter bewilderment of the reader, is what is done in all the standard works. After formally decomposing profits into wages of superintendence, compensation for risk and interest—the net return for the use of capital—they proceed to treat of the distribution of wealth between the rent of land, the wages of labour, and the profits of capital.

"I doubt not that there are thousands of men who have vainly puzzled their brains over this confusion of terms, and abandoned the effort in despair, thinking that as the fault could not be in such great thinkers, it must be in their own stupidity. If it is any consolation to such men they may turn to Buckle's 'History of Civilisation,' and see how a man who certainly got a marvelously clear idea of what he read, and who read carefully the principal economists, from Smith down, was inextricably confused by this jumble of profits and interest. For Buckle (vol. I., chap. II., and notes), persistently speaks of the distribution of wealth into rent, wages, interest, and profits."

In my last article, I quoted in full the passage referred to, chiefly with a view to point out that Ricardo's theory is the bone of contention. Buckle does not mention interest as a term, for the very good reason that he regarded, like all others, interest to be included under the more general and comprehensive term, profit. The gist of the passage is expressed in the following sentence :—

"The great law of the *ratio* between the cost of labour and the profits of stock, is the highest generalisation we have reached respecting the distribution of wealth, but it cannot be consistently admitted by any one who holds that rent enters into price."

But, to show further how grossly Mr George misrepresents Buckle, who appears to have been as clear upon the subject of which he treats as Mr George is confused, I shall give one more quotation. In the third volume, p. 336, he says :—

"But what is more remarkable still, is, that their author (Hume,) subsequently detected the fundamental error which Adam Smith committed, and which vitiates many of his conclusions. The error consists in his having resolved price into three components, namely, wages, profit, and rent, whereas it is known that price is a compound of *wages and profit*, and that rent is not an element of it. This discovery is the corner-stone of political economy ; but it is established by an argument so long and so refined, that most minds are unable to pursue it without stumbling, and the majority of those who acquiesce in it are influenced by the great writers to whom they pay deference, and whose judgment they follow."

It must be clear to everyone that the ratio must be between wages and profit, and not between wages and interest. Even if

Mr George could change the terminology of political economy, he cannot alter our ordinary apprehension of things. To substitute the word interest for the word profit will not make business men keep their books differently, or make us believe that two things which are essentially different in their operations can be otherwise described than under their proper names. Interest, as everyone knows, is what is paid for the use of money, and the ordinary rate in every country depends on the average rate of profits. We can even conceive of wealth to become so abundant, and so generally diffused among all classes in a country, as to render borrowing unnecessary for productive purposes, and yet there would be profits, and a ratio between wages and profits.

The author of "Progress and Poverty" devotes eight chapters to the discussion of what he terms the "Laws of Distribution," and professes to propound a law of wages, a law of interest, and a law of rent, and to crown these with a geometrical certainty he devotes a chapter to the "correlation and co-ordination of these laws."

"The laws of the distribution of wealth are obviously *laws* of proportion, and must be so related to each other that any two being given, the third may be inferred."

As an example of *this* law of proportion, he says :—

"To fix Dick's share at 40 per cent., and Harry's share at 35 per cent., is to fix Tom's share at 25 per cent."

Proportion is a *rule* of ratios, and on this side of the Atlantic there are usually three terms given in order to ascertain a fourth. We do not say, as 40 is to 35, so is 25 to the whole, because that would be absurd. If the produce be *divided* in three shares it is no longer a question of ratio. But Mr George himself, conscious that there was something wrong, remarks :—"In truth, the primary division of wealth is *dual*, not *tripartite*." Then, as the Rule of Three does not fit in with the argument, this new light on economic science is to be explained by a tripartite proportional !

But the cause of Mr George's confusion is, I think, to be explained on the supposition that he mistakes the properties of a triangle for the properties of proportionals, and, perhaps, this is the reason why he adopts the term tripartite. Now, we know that the three angles of any triangle, taken together, are equal to two right angles; and that, two angles being given, we know the remaining angle; or, one angle being given, we know the sum

of the other two angles. So, in like manner, if we know Tom's and Dick's shares we know Harry's; or, if we know Tom's share we know the sum of Dick's and Harry's.

What is this but to say what Adam Smith said, namely, that the price of produce was divided between wages, profit, and rent?

But the generalisation to which Buckle refers, as the most advanced step in political economy, is a *ratio* between wages and profits of which rent does not form a component part. This fact is of the highest significance, but it cannot be explained on Ricardo's materialistic theory of rent arising from a resort to lower gradations of soil, upon which Mr George depends for his deductions. Although this is not the place to discuss it, I may so far anticipate as to suggest that the converse of this theory is the true one. Rent, or that increase of value of the superficies which accrues to the landlord over and above the labour bestowed upon the ameliorations, arises from the increase of population, and from this greater density of population there is a *residuum*, arising from the conjoint action of society, which reverts on the land, over and above the average remuneration of individual labour. This evidently does not enter into price, nor fall a burden upon anyone. Therefore, the increase in the value of the superficies of land evidently follows a law of increase of population, as we clearly see in the growth of towns, and this increase graduates from a focus, or centre—being highest where the pressure is greatest—and diminishes outward as the squares of the distances increase. This applies to agricultural land as well, for land in the vicinity of large towns bring a higher rent than those at a greater distance of the same quality. We also find that with the increase and greater density of population, there is a corresponding increase in the expenses of the government of society, both municipal and imperial. Then this phenomenon of increasing rent, which accrues to the landlord, and does not enter into price, acquires overwhelming significance, inasmuch as it points to a law of *design* in connection with human society in a state of civilised organization, in the pursuit of peaceful industry; for the Great Designer, who placed the coal and iron, the silver and gold, and all other utilities in the earth, in their due proportions, would seem to have provided a fund for the revenue of the Sovereign for the civil and moral government of man, whilst leaving to each individual workman the full fruits of his own labour. Such a law of increase

would seem to form a connecting link, as it were, between the moral and physical world.

Taking this view of the subject, it will be easily seen that this residuum could not form a term in proportionals or follow a law of distribution, and I have already shown that the theory of gradations of soil is not true in fact, even in respect of agricultural land, whilst it leads to the pernicious conclusion that value resides in materiality apart from human labour. This belief has vitiated Mr George's argument, and led him to a dangerous conclusion.

Having so far indicated my own line of thought, I shall now proceed to examine briefly the manner in which he formulates his laws of distribution.

It has already been pointed out that Mr George has completely misapprehended the idea of ratio, as explained by Buckle, and the way in which he regards profits and interest shows a want of familiarity with commercial pursuits.

"The harmony and correlation of the laws of distribution, as we have now apprehended them, are in striking contrast with the want of harmony which characterises these laws as presented by the current political economy."

Then he contrasts, in tabulated form, what he makes out to be the current statement with "the true statement," which latter, it is needless to say, is his own, and with the discussion of which I am for the present only concerned.

"Rent depends on the margin of cultivation—rising as it falls, and falling as it rises.

"Wages depend on the margin of cultivation—falling as it falls, and rising as it rises.

"Interest (its ratio with wages being fixed by the net power of increase which attaches to capital) depends on the margin of cultivation—falling as it falls, and rising as it rises."

"In the current statement the laws of distribution have no common centre, no mutual relation; they are not the correlating divisions of a whole, but measures of different quality. In the statement we have given, they spring from one point, support and supplement each other, and form the correlating division of a complete whole."

In the name of science, and under cover of misapplied and delusive words, more incoherent nonsense was never pawned upon an intelligent public. What is the common centre of this tripartite proportional? The gradations of soil, it should seem, must now become "the margin of cultivation," and Mr George includes in this margin of cultivation the ground rent of rapidly increasing towns in the West.

To show the flimsy artifice of substituting interest for profit it is only necessary to call attention to the enclosed qualification of "its ratio with wages being fixed by the net power of increase which attaches to capital." What is the power of increase, but profit? But apart from verbal criticism, I deny that rent depends on the margin of cultivation anywhere, and assert that increase of rent everywhere depends on the increase of population. I deny that wages (actual) depend on the margin of cultivation, and assert that they depend upon freedom of labour in a state of development of industry and the proportion of labourers to the amount of work required. I deny that interest correlates and co-ordinates with rent. Interest, in every country, depends upon, and is an index of, the average rate of profits. To say that rent rises as wages fall is not true, because both rent and wages have been rising together in the United Kingdom, although not in the same ratio. To say that rent rises as interest falls is true, but it is evident that this depends upon increase of population and increase of wealth, and not upon "the margin of cultivation," for that margin has been stationary whilst rents were rising and interest falling. There may be a coincidence, but the cause assigned is an inversion of the truth. However, if the "laws of distribution," as defined by Mr George, "spring from one point (let us suppose it to be the margin of cultivation, or rent) support and supplement each other in *harmonious* correlation and co-ordination, what more do we want? What must strike everyone as strange is, that after constructing this harmonious, tripartite law of distribution, Mr George should proceed to confiscate one of the sides which spring from one point, supplement and support, and correlate and co-ordinate with, one another:—

"I do not propose either to purchase or to confiscate private property in land. The first would be unjust; the second, needless. Let the individuals who now hold it still retain, if they want to, possession of what they are pleased to call *their* land. Let them continue to call it *their* land. Let them buy and sell, and bequeath and devise it. We may safely leave them the shell, if we take the kernel. *It is not necessary to confiscate land, it is only necessary to confiscate rent.*

"What I therefore propose as the simple, yet sovereign remedy, which will raise wages, increase the earnings of capital, extirpate pauperism, abolish poverty, give remunerative employment to whoever wishes it, afford free scope to human powers, lessen crime, elevate morals and taste and intelligence, purify government, and carry civilisation to yet nobler heights, is—to appropriate rent by taxation."

The confiscation of rent is a much simpler "law of distribu-

tion" than to find a ratio in a tripartite proportional, but it has the disadvantage of being attended with great practical difficulties.

It would, however, be ungenerous not to admit that Mr George's book contains expositions on population, on wealth, on labour and capital which are original and striking, whilst, by his eloquence, he has made a subject of more than ordinary dryness to general readers one of absorbing interest, and has thus contributed to its discussion by the working classes, who are more deeply affected by existing abuses of power than any other.

The evil does not consist, however, as Mr George leads the reader to suppose, in any inequality in the incidence of taxation, nor yet in any supposed virtue in the inherent qualities of the soil, so much as in moral causes—the restraints upon human freedom, and the infraction of an evident law of nature, by the operation of a vicious principle.

To the mind of the humblest workman who reads these pages, the idea of confiscation must appear unjust, and he must regard with repugnance a measure of state which, to say the least of it, would involve the innocent with the guilty. To confiscate conveys the idea of punishment, and to my mind it would be as just to confiscate 3 per cent. consols as the rent of persons who came by property through the operation of national law. In respect of agricultural land, the labour that has been incorporated with it in reclaiming it from forest, flood, and marsh, may be regarded as the kernel, and the *solum* is more like the shell. To suppose that a fiscal revolution, which should appropriate that part of rent which forms the scientific difficulty of political economists, in lieu of other taxes, would effect such a social millenium as Mr George pictures in his glowing style is quite illusory, for it would not amount to probably more than ten shillings per head of the whole population, as tithes and other local taxes which now fall on the land, would have to be paid out of the imperial exchequer. Yet it must be allowed that such a reform in our fiscal system, brought about by gradual steps, would have great advantages; but, under the present dual tenure, such a change would only tend to aggravate the evil, as the cause lies deeper, and is more insidious than any burden of taxation.

It is, therefore, not to the confiscation of rent, or to its appro-

priation by taxation, that we must look for a remedy. We must rather look for it in the enjoyment of perfect freedom and justice. By the divorcement of all ethical considerations from political economy it has been turned into the worship of Moloch and the philosophy of the devil—the aim and definition of which is confusion of thought and action. Freedom first and political economy after. It is not the confiscation of rent by the State, but its proscription, demanded by the united voice of a free people, as an element of tyranny and oppression, which displaces population, saps our industries and enables landlords to live as idle parasites upon the labour and capital of others. The right of usuriously lending land ought not to be delegated by the State to any private subject. Land, being natural power, this privilege confers sovereign right upon the subject, by which he is enabled to extend his bounds, from a lust of power, in order that he may exercise tyranny and oppression. The exercise of such a right is incompatible with the enjoyment of perfect freedom, the want of which, in all countries, and in all ages of the world, has been the fruitful cause of oppression, poverty, and crime, producing wars, revolutions, anarchy, and bloodshed.

Fortunately for England, her freehold system preserved her from the fate of less favoured nations, but she herself is now suffering in her agricultural industry, aye, and in the political independence of her farmers, through the operation of class-made laws, by which freeholds have been engrossed into large estates, not for legitimate industry, but to gratify a vulgar passion for power. To my ears, and no doubt to the ears of all lovers of constitutional liberty, that fine expressive old English word freehold possess a charm; and it is to be regretted that Dr Russell Wallace has not used the words "resumption" and "freeholder" instead of "Nationalisation" and "occupying owner." The gradual resumption of the land-tax (which is synonymous with the rent of political economy), and the prohibition to lease or sub-let land would meet all the requirements of perfect freedom and justice. Thus far, but very little further, every friend of progress, every good citizen, every man who is in sympathy with the rights of labour, ought cordially to support, and to canvas at every hustings, the programme of the Nationalisation Society.

Guernsey.

MALCOLM MACKENZIE.

THE CROFTER ROYAL COMMISSION.

REFERRING in our last issue to the fact that not a single Northern Member of Parliament signed the requisition presented to Government, asking for a Royal Commission of Inquiry into the grievances of the Highland crofters, we wrote :—" If any proof were wanted that inquiry was looked forward to by the northern landlords with disfavour, and, in some instances, with dismay—though they feel that it has now become necessary—it would be found in this significant fact. It should also convince the Government of the necessity of making the Royal Commission really effective by placing men upon it who will counteract the landlord opposition and aristocratic influence, which will certainly have to be met in the course of the inquiry on every point where the facts are likely to tell against the landlords and their agents. Unless the other side is strongly represented, so as to meet, on something like equal grounds, the power, wealth, and influence of those whose conduct has made this inquiry necessary, the Royal Commission had better never to have been granted. It will only prove the commencement in earnest of an agitation on the Land Question, the end of which no one can predict." We are still of the same opinion, and the sequel will assuredly prove that we were right in our predictions.

But how have the Government acted? They have appointed a Commission which has been universally condemned by every Association, every individual, and by almost every newspaper throughout the country that advocated its appointment. In that condemnation, after the most full and careful consideration, and fully alive to the serious responsibility involved in such a step, we are compelled to join; and we do so with the greater reluctance from the high respect which we entertain for all the members of the Commission as individuals, apart from the duties which in this case they have been called upon to perform. Nothing will satisfy the public short of making the cruel evictions of the past impossible in future in the Highlands by giving the people a permanent interest in the soil they cultivate. That a recommendation to that effect can emanate from a Royal Commission com-

posed as this one is, is scarcely conceivable. Nor is it to be expected that they can rise so far above the common failings of humanity as to be very anxious to procure evidence which will lead to legislation in that direction. Are Sir Kenneth Mackenzie and Lochiel, for instance, at all likely to recommend the modification of their present rights of property, or the abolition or material curtailment of deer forests, from which they and their class derive a great portion of their revenues? If they do so they will prove themselves more than human. But no one would complain if their position and interests as proprietors were counter-balanced on the Commission by the presence of such true representatives of the crofters, as Sir Kenneth, Lochiel, and the Chairman are of the landlords and their class interests.

If any evidence were wanted to place it beyond question that the Commission was one-sided and antagonistic to the interests and claims of the crofters, it would be found in the fact that its composition has been generally commended and approved by the *Scotsman*, the *Northern Chronicle*, and the *Inverness Courier*, three newspapers whose position in the past has been one of strong and long-sustained antagonism and misrepresentation of the Highland peasantry, and, at the same time, of powerful and steady support of their oppressors and their cruel conduct.

As if the approval of these three landlord organs, and the general disapproval by actual condemnation in distinct terms, or complete silence, of all the other newspapers in the country, were not sufficient, we find another distinguished authority, on the same side, Mr Donald Macdonald, Tormore—whose factorial reign in the Isle of Skye, and especially in Glendale, had so much to do in finally securing for us the Commission of Inquiry—declaring in a letter, published in the *Northern Chronicle*, and in the *Scotsman*, of the 11th of April, that its composition was, in all respects, "unexceptionable;" for, he continues, "I am confident the result [of the Inquiry] will not only prove beneficial to my worthy, but misguided, fellow-islesmen, but will also vindicate many sorely-maligned proprietors and factors from the charges made against them by untruthful outside agitators, not to speak of others, who, while personally conversant with local conditions, have not scrupled to throw out inferences which no view of the facts can justify."

With a testimonial like this, and from such a quarter, it would be a pure waste of space to say another word on the composition and character of the Royal Commission to inquire into the grievances of the crofters in the Highlands and Islands, composed, as it is, of four landed proprietors, one lawyer (who is also a landed proprietor's son,) and the Professor of Celtic in the University of Edinburgh, who never exhibited any special interest in, or so far as known, paid any special attention to, the subject of the inquiry, and whose time, in the opinion of many of the subscribers to the Celtic Chair Fund, would have been far better and more consistently employed in the necessary preparation for the important duties of his Chair.

The nature of the Commission makes it all the more necessary that evidence be brought forward from the crofters' side, and no effort should be spared to secure that it is forthcoming. It is, however, much to be feared, that the Societies and individuals who would have seen that this was done, had the composition of the Commission given general, or even partial satisfaction, will lose heart, and accept what many believe to be the inevitable, without any effort to put forward the best witnesses; and that the crofters themselves will not give evidence unless they are encouraged to do so, and, at the same time, assured that no evictions or petty persecutions will follow, from laird or factor, in consequence of their telling the truth. It is only by a carefully conducted cross-examination that all the facts can be expiscated, and unless Counsel is admitted in the interest of the crofters for that purpose, the evidence obtained by the members of the Commission will, we fear, prove of little value. Let us, however, now that we have secured the Commission, make the best of it; and, if it fails to give satisfaction, the people, by a more powerful, legitimate, and persistent agitation, will still have the remedy in their own hands.

A. M.

THE ROYAL COMMISSION is officially stated to meet at Dunvegan, ten miles from Glendale, on the 15th of May, and at Broadford, in the other end of Skye, on the following day. John Macpherson, the leading and most intelligent man in Glendale, now in prison, is one of the witnesses to be put forward by the Glendale crofters, but his sentence does not expire until the day on which the Commission is to meet at Dunvegan. It is, therefore, physically impossible that Macpherson can be present. Apart from this, those who know the district, and the nature and extent of the grievances of the people of Glendale, are satisfied that a searching and complete inquiry, which should be in the Glen itself, would take, not one day, but the greater part of a week!

THE HIGHLAND DRESS.

BY J. G. MACKAY.

III.—HIGHLAND ARMS.

Fir aigeannach, mheamnach,
 Le glas-lann an ceanna-bheart,
 'S i sgaiteach gu barra-dheis,
 'S i ana-barrach geur,
 An taice ri targaid,
 Crios breac nam ball airgeid,
 'S an dag nach robh cearbach
 Gun tearmunn nan sgéith
 Le'n gunnacha glana,
 Nach diultadh dhaibh aingeal
 Spoir ùr air an teannadh
 Gu daingeann nan gleu
 Gu cuinnsearach, biodagach,
 Fùdarach, miosarach,
 Adharcach, miosail,
 Gu misneachail, treun.

THE armour of the Highlanders formed such an important part of their attire that it may very properly be treated under this heading. Before the passing of the Disarming Act, they seldom laid aside their arms of defence, and never appeared abroad without their military weapons.

The Highlanders adhered as fondly to their own peculiar style of weapons as they did to their dress. We have the authority of Tacitus and Herodian for saying, that they were in their time, A.D. 207, exactly the same as was in use in 1745 (with of course an improvement in the manufacture), viz.:—long broadswords, "Pagiones" or daggers, corresponding with the Highland dirk, and small round shields. Coats of mail seem to have been little used among them; they relied more on their own strength and dexterity than on any defensive armour, which they considered an encumbrance, if not an indication of cowardice. At the battle of the Standard, 1138, Malise, Earl of Strathern, a Gaelic chief, remonstrated with the Scottish King against his designs of placing his squadrons of Norman auxiliaries, who were clothed from head to foot in steel, in the front

of the battle. "Why," said he, "will you commit yourself so confidently to these Normans? I wear no defensive armour, yet none of them will go before me this day into the battle."

In Tytler's "History of Scotland," the following account of their arms is given from *Etheld-redus de bello Standardi*:—"They were armed with long spears pointed with steel, swords, darts or javelins (the *Sgian dubh*), and made use of a hooked weapon of steel, with which they made hold of their enemies (the Lochaber axe), and their shields were formed of strong cowhide." This corresponds exactly with the arms mentioned in the poems of Ossian. In Cath Loduinn, Duan I., we have the following graphic description:—

Glac-sa sgiath t'athair a'd 'laimh
Tha cruaidh mar charraig nan cos
Thilg Suaran a shleagh gu grad
Stad as chridh i an sean chraoibh Loduinn
Tharruing na suinn ri cheile
Le'n lannaibh a' beumadh còmhraig;
Bha cruaidh a' spealtadh air cruaidh,
Lùiriche fuaim agus màile;
Ghearr Mac Luinn na h-iallan uallach;
Thuit an sgiath bhallach san làraich;
Chaisg an rìgh a làmh gu h-ard,
Le faicinn sàr Shuairain gun airm;
Thionndaidh a shuil fhiadhaich 'na cheann
Agus thilg e lann air làr;
Tharruing e cheum mall 'on t-sliabh
Fonn òrain a' tuchadh 'na chliabh.

At the celebrated battle on the North Inch of Perth, fought in the year 1396, between two parties of the Clan Chatain, the arms used were precisely the same as mentioned by Ossian. Andrew Wyntown, who wrote about 1400, speaks of "the Wyld Wykkyd Helandmen" thus—

At Sanct Johnstone beside the Frevis
All thai entrit in Barreris
Wyth bow and ax, knyf and sword
To deil amang thaim thair last word.

The historian, John Major, who wrote in 1512, thus describes their arms:—"They use a bow and quiver, and a halbert well sharpened, as they possess good veins of native iron. They carry large daggers under their belts; their legs are frequently naked

under the thigh; in winter they carry a mantle for an upper garment."

John Taylor, the water poet, who made a tour in Scotland in the year 1618, says—"Their weapons are long bowes with forked arrowes, swords and targets, harquebusses, muskets, dirks and Loquhabor axes." In a Satirical, by William Clelland, on the Expedition of the Highland Host, 1678, we have the following amusing description of the Highland officers:—

With brogues, trues, and pinnie plaides,
With good blew bonnets on their heads,
Which on the one side had a flipe
Adorned with a tobacco pipe,
With dirk, snap work, and snuff-mull,
A bagg which they with onions fill;
And as their strick observers say,
A tupe horn filled with usquebay,
A slasht out coat beneath their plaids,
A targe of timber, nails, and hides,
With a long two-handed sword
As good's the country can afford.
Had they not need of bulk and bones
Who fight with all these arms at once?

The Highlanders being naturally a bold, active, and hardy race, they were trained from their infancy to the use of their weapons, and studied lightness and freedom in their dress and accoutrements more than artificial defence. A man of physical weakness or incapacity was looked upon with pity and contempt, while a person guilty of cowardice was shunned with the utmost abhorrence.

Martin gives a most interesting description of the customs prevalent in the Western Isles in his time. He says:—

"Every heir or young chieftain of a tribe was oblig'd in honour to give a publick specimen of his valour, before he was own'd and declared governor or leader of his people, who obey'd and followed him upon all occasions. This chieftain was usually attended by a retinue of young men of quality, who had not beforehand given proof of their valour, and were ambitious of such an opportunity to signalize themselves.

"It was usual for the captain to lead them, and to make a desperate incursion on some neighbour or other that they were in feud with; and they were oblig'd to bring by open force the

cattel they found in the lands they attack'd, or to die in the attempt. After the performance of this atchievement, the young chieftain was ever after reputed valiant and worthy of government, and such as were of his retinue acquir'd the like reputation. This custom being reciprocally us'd among them, was not reputed robbery, for the damage which one tribe sustain'd by this essay of the chieftain of another, was repaired when their chieftain came in his turn to make his specimen; but I have not heard an instance of this practice for these sixty years past."

The formalities observed at the entrance of these chieftains upon the government of their clans were as follows:—

"A heap of stones was erected in form of a pyramid, on the top of which the young chieftain was plac'd, his friends and followers standing in a circle round about him, his elevation signifying his authority over them, and their standing below their subjection to him. One of his principal friends delivered into his hands the sword wore by his father, and there was a white rod delivered to him likewise at the same time. Immediately after, the chief Druid (or orator) stood close to the pyramid and pronounced a rhetorical panegyrick, setting forth the ancient pedigree, valour, and liberality of the family, as incentives to the young chieftain, and fit for his imitation.

"It was their custom, when any chieftain marched upon a military expedition, to draw some blood from the first animal that chanced to meet them upon the enemy's ground, and thereafter to sprinkle some of it upon their colours. This they considered as a good omen of success. They had their fixed officers, who were ready to attend them upon all occasions, whether military or civil. Some families continue them from father to son, particularly *Sir Donald Macdonald* has his principal standard-bearer and quartermaster. The latter has a right to all the hides of cows killed upon any of the occasions mentioned above, and this I have seen exacted punctually, though the officer had no charter for the same, but only custom. They had a constant sentinel on the top of their houses, called the *Gockman*, or, in the English tongue, *Cockman*; who was obliged to watch day and night, and at the approach of anybody to ask, *Who comes there?* This officer is continued in *Barray* still, and has the perquisites due to his place paid to him duly at two terms of the year.

There was a competent number of young gentlemen called *Luchk-tach* (Luchd-taic) or *Guard de corps*, who always attended the chieftain at home and abroad. They were well train'd in managing the sword and target, in wrestling, swimming, jumping, dancing, shooting with bow and arrows, and were stout seamen.

"Every chieftain had a bold armour-bearer, whose business was to attend the person of his master night and day to prevent any surprise, and this man was called *Galloglach*; he had also a double portion of meat assigned him at every meal. The measure of meat usually given him is call'd to this day *Bieyfir* (*Biadh-fir*), that is a man's portion, meaning thereby an extraordinary man, whose strength and courage distinguish'd him from the common sort.

"Before they engaged the enemy in battle, the chief Druid harangu'd the army to excite their courage. He was plac'd on an eminence from whence he address'd himself to all of them standing about him, putting them in mind of what great things were perform'd by the valour of their ancestors, raised their hopes of victory and honour, and dispell'd their fears by all the topicks that natural courage could suggest. After this harangue, the army gave a general shout and then charged the enemy stoutly. This in the antient language is call'd *Brosnichy Kah* (*Brosnachadh Cath*) i.e., an incentive to war. This custom of shouting aloud is believed to have taken its rise from an instinct of nature, it being attributed to most nations that have been of a martial genius: as by Homer to the Trojans, by Tacitus to the Germans, and by Livy to the Gauls."

William Sacheverell, Governor of the Isle of Mann, who was employed in 1688 in the attempt to raise the "Florida," one of the Spanish Armada lost at Tobermory a century previous, gives an account of the dress and arms of the Highlanders as he saw them in Mull at that time, which is well worthy of being given in full. He says—"During my stay I generally observed the men to be large-bodied, stout, subtle, active, patient of cold and hunger. There appeared to be in all their actions a certain generous air of freedom, and contempt of those trifles, luxuries, and ambitions which we so servilely creep after; they bound their appetites by their necessities, and their happiness consists, not in having much, but in coveting little. The women seem to have

the same sentiments with the men, though their habits (their dress) were mean, and they had not our sort of breeding; yet in many of them there was a natural beauty and graceful modesty which never fails of attracting.

"The usual outward habit of both sexes is the Pladd; the women's much finer, the colours more lively, and the squares larger than the men's, and put me in mind of the ancient Picts. This serves them for a veil, and covers both head and body. The men wear theirs after another manner, especially when designed for ornament; it is loose, and flowing like the mantles our painters give their heroes; their thighs are bare, with brawny muscles; Nature has drawn all her strokes bold and masterly; a thin brogue on the foot, a short buskin of various colours on the leg, tied above the calf with a striped pair of garters; a large shot pouch in front, on each side of which hangs a pistol and dagger; a round target on their backs, a blue bonnet on their heads; in one hand a broadsword, and a musket in the other. Perhaps no nation goes better armed, and I assure you they will handle them with bravery and dexterity, especially the sword and target, as our veteran regiments found to their cost at Killecrankie."

The Highlanders were at all times noted for the rapidity of their movements; on account of their being so lightly clad and light of foot, they were sometimes employed in the Scottish wars to act along with cavalry, one between each horse; and we are informed that they kept pace with the horses in all their movements, let them go ever so quickly, and they did terrible execution. The soldiers of Mackay's regiment, in the wars of Gustavus Adolphus, acted as auxillaries to the cavalry in the same manner.

The author of "Certayne Manners," already quoted, says:—"They have large bodies, and prodigious strong; and two qualities above all other nations: hardy to endure fatigue, cold, and hardships; and wonderfully swift of foot. The latter is such an advantage in the field that I know of none like it, for if they conquer no enemy can escape them, and if they run even the horse can hardly overtake them. There were some, as I said before, that went out in parties with the horse."

Their mode of fighting was characteristic of themselves: they

marched boldly and resolutely up to the enemy till within shot, when they halted and discharged their muskets or arrows, as the case might be, then, drawing their claymores, with one sudden cry they rushed on the enemy before he had time to recover from the discharge ; such was the rapidity and fury of the onslaught that the most disciplined troops rarely, if ever, could stand before them, and once the claymores were among them the day was decided. Their onset was so terrible that even Dr Johnson admits "that the best troops in Europe could with difficulty sustain the first shock of it, and if the swords of the Highlanders once came in contact with them their defeat was inevitable."

After firing, the muskets were thrown to the ground, as they rarely fired a second volley, and, on many occasions, they even stripped themselves of their plaids and jackets, and fought in their shirt-sleeves, as at Blar-na-leine—a battle fought between the Frasers and Macdonalds in 1544, and also at Tippermuir, Sheriffmuir, and Killiecrankie. Many writers would have us believe that they fought with nothing on but their shirts, but the stupidity of such an assertion must be plain to any one who chooses to think of it. This idea arose from the fact of those who stripped themselves, as mentioned above, being dressed in the feileadh-beag and shoulder plaid ; and the latter being wrapped round the shoulders, would encumber the arms and hinder them in the use of their weapons ; whereas, if they had been dressed in the belted-plaid, it, being fastened on the left shoulder, and hanging loosely behind, left the arms perfectly free. This was the very purpose for which the belted-plaid was intended ; for, while it left them perfectly free in the use of their arms, it afforded them sufficient covering for camping out, and was convenient to carry.

Martin gives a most minute description of the mode of fighting, and completely explodes the idea of their stripping to their shirts. He says—"The antient way was by pitched battles ; and for arms some had broad two-handed swords and head pieces, and others bows and arrows. When all their arrows were spent they attacked each other, sword in hand. Since the invention of guns they are very early accustomed to use them, and carry their pieces with them wherever they go ; they likewise learn to handle the broadsword and target. The chief of each

tribe advances with his followers, within shot of the enemy, having first *laid aside their upper garments*, and after one general discharge they attack them sword in hand, having their targets on their left hand (as they did at Killecrankie), which soon brings the matter to an issue, and verifies the observation made of them by some historians, *Aut mors Cito, out Victoria læta.*"

The wisdom of throwing aside their muskets and plaids may be questioned, and it is certainly not in accordance with the modern ideas of warfare; but where everything depended upon lightness and rapidity of motion, the advantage of being free from incumbrance is plain. The reason given by themselves is, that after the muskets were discharged they did not require them at the time, as they never fired a second volley; if they were victorious, they could easily pick them up again, and if killed they had no further use for them. It can easily be imagined that fiery and passionate men like the Highlanders would ill brook the idea of peppering at the enemy at a distance, or being shot like so many pheasants at a *battue*, with such a trusty and decisive weapon as the claymore in their hands; they always considered that the musket was a weapon for little men and cowards.

(*To be continued.*)

ARGYLL EVICTIONS.

Written on board the steamer "LORD OF THE ISLES" during a trip to Inveraray.

THOSE straths and glens, with waving ferns, where sheep and lambs now stray,
Could muster at the pibroch sound, to forage or to fray,
Five thousand of the bravest men, e'er stood in rank and file,
To do the bidding of their chief, or die for old Argyll.

Alas ! where are those heroes now, uprooted from the soil !
Some driven off to other lands, some to our towns to toil.
Now, should the "Fiery Cross" go round, by vale or mountain steep,
Those straths and glens might well resound—"Put red coats on your sheep."

Great God on high, whose mighty eye looks down on all below,
Whose ear is open to the cry, the patriot's cry of woe,
Why should Thine own eternal laws, who did creation plan,
And formed us like Thy very self, man like his fellow-man,
Be broken by a selfish few, who claim the lion's share,
And drive poor mortals from the soil, while there is room to spare ;
Ho ! spirits of the mighty dead breathe down upon your bones,
Till ghastly hosts, with martial tread, shake parliaments and thrones.

Arise, ye sons of noble sires—awake, shake off your slumber,
Blow Freedom's spark until it fires, and rolls in awful thunder*
From end to end of Britain's Isle, from platform and from press,
Till Lords and Commons grant just laws, and cruel wrongs redress.

Greenock.

W.O.C.

THE HIGHLAND CLEARANCES.*

WITH certain modifications Mr Mackenzie might have prefixed as a motto to his "History of the Highland Clearances," recently published, the famous invocation with which the Iliad opens :—

"Achilles' baneful wrath resound, O, Goddess that imposed
Infinite sorrows on the Greeks, and many brave souls loosed
From breasts heroic ; sent them far to that invisible cave
That no light comforts ; and their limbs to dogs and vultures gave."

The fierce anger of the Grecian chief let loose the dogs of pestilence and defeat upon his army, so that by troops to death they went. The havoc of war is, however, in most cases soon mended, and its miseries soon covered with a fresh and kindly sward. It was not generous rage, which may glance in the bosom of even a wise man, that moved our Highland chiefs to perpetrate upon their people the revolting deeds chronicled in the painful pages of this very interesting book. Their motive was of a different stamp. Our chiefs had fallen out of sympathy with their people—they mingled with the foreigner and learnt his ways. The old language was lost, the old ways with their rude simplicity became distasteful, became offensive to them as peat reek to a city-bred man. Then the old rent was not sufficient to meet the demands of life in the capital, to meet the cost of equipages, horses, dogs, and worse. Greedy capitalists were at hand to whisper in the ear of impecunious pleasure-loving lairds that the glens, if their inhabitants were removed, would bring more money. The factor, with an eye to save himself trouble, rejoicing in the thought of having gentlemen farmers for his companions, instead of being under the necessities of attending to the little and irritating details which arise from the circumstances of a multiplied crofter life, said amen to the dangerous suggestions of greed. The voice of the serpent, subtle to deceive, was heard, and the glory of the chiefs shook its wing and left the land. But there were other chiefs of a different mould to whom the tempter came with appeals, not to their own per-

* By Alexander Mackenzie, F.S.A. Scot. Inverness: A. & W. Mackenzie.

sonal necessities, but with bright descriptions of the good that should accrue to the people themselves, and to the country generally, by their transportation across the sea to the West, or to the shores of their own seas at home. This is notably true of the Sutherland family, whose doings figure so largely in the mournful record to which Mr Mackenzie has anew and so powerfully directed the attention of the public, now so thoroughly educated by Irish Land Acts and otherwise in such matters. It will be matter of everlasting regret to thousands that the Sutherland shield was permitted to be stained by the dirty hands of men whom oceans of ink cannot wash clean. It was the misfortune of Sutherland that the Duchess-Countess lost both her parents, when but a child, and that she was brought up in "Babylon," far away from the Zion of her ancestors. As an orphan, and as the sole surviving representative of a proud and honoured name, the interest excited in her among her people was intense. This interest was kindled into a flame of devotion to her person and her rights, when Sutherland of Forse, in Caithness, endeavoured to secure the Earldom to himself as the male heir; but the "grey mare proved the better horse," and Forse had to be content with his plain name and house. The county of Sutherland was ablaze with joy at the victory of their infant Countess. The Reay country caught the enthusiasm, and Rob Donn sang, in glowing terms, the virtues of the young lady's forefathers, congratulated her on the good fortune which made her the heir of their fame, honour, and wealth. Alas! circumstances, which are detailed in the "Highland Clearances," connected with the noble lady's education and married life, made it impossible for her to understand the people who poured out such an abundance of affection around her when in her cradle her position was threatened, and continued to reverence her until love and reverence and trust were extinguished in the fires that consumed their pastures while still legally their own, and finally the huts which their own hands had reared. Pride in the history of a family hoary with an antiquity lost in the far off times, was changed into hatred bitter as gall and wormwood. Yet this Duchess and her noble husband wished to do well, and would have done well had they but taken some trouble. Their liberality was unbounded, yet they were hated by the vast majority of the inhabitants of their Highland county.

More than £200,000 were spent, and yet, when the Countess died, a preacher, a man of a different kidney from those timid preachers whom Donald Macleod indignantly holds up to scorn, gave expression to the prevailing feeling when he said in the pulpit that "the Countess was in heaven if the *oppressors of the poor go there!*" Cursed be the system that could produce a state of feeling among a Highland population that could applaud such a terrible sentence in a funeral sermon. Covetousness and the "dismal science" put on the garb of philanthropy, told the good lady that the people who would have died for her were ignorant, vicious savages who, many of them, had "never heard the name of Jesus," who lived upon the warm blood of their live cattle tempered with nettles. She believed the slander, and the darling of Sutherland became its execration. The great slanderer himself was punished when, in his old age, at Wick, during an election contest, he was met by a long procession headed with a sheep, painted in Sutherland tartan, on a raised platform many feet high, and with a miniature cottage with smoke oozing through its tiny roof. It is said that he broke his heart. If he did his own was not the first or the second that he broke.

One of the saddest things in this book is the abject cowardice of the parish ministers, the natural leaders of the people, when as yet there was no dissent and no newspapers in the North worthy of the name. Passive obedience was their favourite doctrine. Right enough, but should *they* be passive while their flocks were being torn and scattered. I can understand why Rob Donn should have said bitterly, and in severe terms :—

Is e meas ministèir sgìreachd
Bhi na chrìosduidh mar fhasan, &c., &c.

If the ecclesiastical struggle of Scotland in this century shall have no other fruit than the severance of the connection between the Patron and the Church, it deserves the thanks of the country. The minister is now free to speak without fear, if he has a tongue to use. The effect of his silence when he should have spoken has been very great in various ways, which cannot be more particularly referred to here. But let us not be too severe even on men who stood by and said nothing when "the flesh of their people was eaten, and their skin flayed from off them." Their

position was a trying one, there was no public opinion to back them up if they stood in the breach, no members of Parliament to put questions to bring to light the obscure works of cruelty. Some even of those mentioned in no friendly terms, lived to regret their past indifference, were roused to take the side of the weak as against the strong, and right manfully suffered in the cause of truth and liberty. It is but simple justice to the memory of the Mackenzies of Tongue and Farr to make this addition and modification to the scathing denunciations wrung from the proud, indignant, and suffering heart of Macleod. We shall, perhaps, too, be more charitable in judging those simple and isolated country ministers, to whom the great Lord was the "breath of their nostrils," if we call to mind that the authoress of "Uncle Tom's Cabin," the unflinching advocate of the slave, who, perhaps, more than any other individual, was responsible for the terrible civil war in the blood of which slavery was washed away, was so fascinated with the bewitching beauty of the humanities of Dunrobin, that she took the side of Loch, as against Donald Macleod and Hugh Miller. We have reason to believe that Macleod led her to see that the "Sunny Memories of Sutherland" had a North side where there were in abundance memories that were not sunny.* But we should not be surprised if the power and worth which blinded the judgment of a Republican, who won her fame by pleading the cause of the outcast, should also have prevented the Sutherland ministers, as a whole, from winning the glory of martyrdom in an unpopular cause.

But this book is not without testimonies from the pulpit in behalf of the victims of a misguided land policy. The name of Sage is still green in the hearts of a very few who still remember him and the tragic sorrows which brought down his grey hairs in sorrow to the grave. For generations to come his name will be remembered, far and wide, by the descendants of the dispersed of Kildonan. In incisive, characteristic speech, full of truth and power, Dr Kennedy shows that the oppressor need expect no quarter from his keen claymore, any more than the heretic or the innovator, who tampers with the form of worship which nourished

* It may be stated as a fact of considerable interest, in connection with the Clearances, that Mrs Beecher Stowe's defence of Loch and the Sutherland family has been suppressed in the later editions of her "Sunny Memories."—ED. C. M.

the great Fathers of the North. Long may his bow abide in strength, though sometimes its arrows may pierce a friend as well as a foe. It is pleasing to know also that the tongue of the greatest prose writer in Gaelic did not allow—aristocrat though he was in his sympathies—the deeds of the landlord to pass without strong protest; and that, in this respect, he was seconded in wise, sagacious, and patriotic sentences by Dr Maclauchlan, who, but for ill-health, would not be silent at the present time—pregnant as it is with hope for the down-trodden.

No doubt, too, many other brave words were spoken which are forgotten. To our own knowledge, Norman Macleod of Trumisgarry, fearlessly acquitted himself in North Uist, in connection with the madness of the tyrant there. Mr Macleod had the rare grace of being better at suffering than at speaking, of being more at home in applying at all hazards his principles than in expounding them. But, unfortunately for his fame, Uist has not produced a Donald Macleod. Perhaps he is coming. But enough on this point. To many who think that a minister has nothing to do with the social comforts of the people, and that their opinion on such questions is of no more value than a shepherd's on navigation, it will be more interesting to know that Mr Mackenzie has given us in his volume the deliberate judgment on the Highland Clearances of some of the most distinguished men of the century, not only in our own country, but abroad. Here are the opinions, not of excited priests, but of Generals, literary men, scientific men, philanthropists, editors, statesmen, and even of hard-headed, cool political economists. The chorus of their song is an unqualified condemnation of the treatment which our Highland peasantry received on the soil that in part at least was by right their own. Indeed, we gather from some remarks in this book that it is now beginning to dawn on the landlords themselves that they have been guilty of a huge blunder in expatriating so many of their tenants. We hope this is true. Could they be induced to take the same pride, the same interest in their tenants as an officer does in his regiment, the land question would not be so difficult to solve.

We have said that the deeds of suffering recorded in this book were allowed by those in power because they believed they

would be productive of good to the landlord, to the evicted, to those who were not banished, and to the country at large. Has this anticipation been realised? Is the manhood of the Celts who still remain of a higher order? Do we look in vain now for the poverty to which the produce of an ebb tide is a sad necessity? Is the eye never offended and the feelings wounded by mud cabins, where we must reach the hearth over a pavement of dung formed by the beasts which share the same room with their owner? Is the wealth of the country so much increased by the profit of sheep and deer that the rates are not oppressive? Is the land blessed with happiness, with content? Is there the absence of those materials which furnish the agitator with the elements of his dangerous power? If we could believe that the sufferings of the past have resulted in a nobler life to the crofters who still exist, or in the amelioration of their external condition, so that they have enough to eat and to put on, then, though a sympathetic tear would naturally fall on the sufferings involved in the transition to the new and happier state of things, one should not complain, but rejoice that the blood of the fallen has enriched the soil for those who survive. If this were the fruit of the social changes in the Highlands, which are now in everybody's mouth, we should no more find fault with the pain which accompanied them than we should with the pain of a surgical operation. Have we this consolation? The question seems absurd enough in presence of the condition of many parts of the country at this moment, when the cry of hunger, the most terrible of all cries, is heard in various parts of the land. It is obvious, then, that the new system, with its consolidation of farms, whether for the butcher or the sportsman, has not brought plenty to the land. It is a curious fact, though not surprising to those who understand the question, that at this moment those portions of the Highlands where the old custom of combining arable land and pasture prevails, are at the present moment the most contented and prosperous. This seems to be the case even where the antiquated run-rig system obtains, and it is a startling commentary on the worth of the prophecies by which our modern improvers justified their conduct and soothed their consciences. We have hunger on the very skirts of our deer forests, and plenty

in those remote spots where the shadow of the despised middle ages still rests.*

But then our Mollisons tell us, amid the plaudits of Whig editors, that all would be well, but for the laziness of the inhabitants. It seems the men won't fish, and the women don't earn their 12s. a day like the women of the East. Now comparisons are odious. It may be perfectly true—indeed, it is true—that an average West Highland fisherman is neither so daring nor so successful a fisherman as those, say, of Buckie. It takes some generations to make a thorough-bred fisherman as it takes to make a thorough-bred gentleman, or anything else that is thorough-bred. The Buckie men were not forced from the hills, from following sheep, to be manufactured into mariners. The Highlanders were, and the wonder is that they can do what they do in the sea-faring line. Let it be remembered, too, that for a long time there was no market for fresh fish. Be it not forgotten that the Highlander has not the means to furnish himself with boats of the strength and capacity of the East Coast boats. In more places than one the Highlander has acquired the skill and courage needed to make a good fisherman. But he need not be lazy though he is not at home on the rolling billow. The Celtic women, too, though they can't earn 12s. a day, work as hard as their more fortunate sisters of another tongue. Dragging kelp is not a lazier job than cleaning fish. The Jew is not lazy, but when he was a slave, his ears were dinned with the cry, "Ye are lazy," while his back smarted under the lash of his very lazy, but very cruel, accuser. Make the Celt independent, secure him from being robbed of his own by arbitrary power, and if he does not change the face of the little spot of nature assigned to him, then let him give place to those who will. But if the Celt is lazy is it not possible that the position he is placed in by those in power is justly chargeable with responsibility for this detestable vice? No man would be very active if so situated that his activity would not be rewarded, that the fruit of his industry might at any

* *Vide* a powerful paper on the Highlands by John Rae, in the *Contemporary Review* for March. Mr Rae's paper deserves and will reward the most careful study. It is gratifying to see a disciplined intellect like Mr Rae's taking up, and with much effect, the cause of the poor, and earning for itself the blessing of him that was ready to perish. The crofters have now found a fit audience, for they have found tongues to speak for them which will compel even the deaf to hear.

moment be seized by another. Such is the position of the majority of our crofters. Those of us who hold that a grievous and foolish wrong has been done, in the name of progress and goodwill to men, to the Highlands by the proprietors, are supposed to hold that there should be no change. The charge is absurd. What we hold is that the changes in question have been brought about in such a way as to aggravate the old evils, such as overcrowding, which made change necessary. Our population, we are told, is as large as ever. Granted. What does this involve? No one will venture to say that the population has the same amount of land as before, so that the assumption means overcrowding of a terrible kind somewhere—an overcrowding which can never be far removed from squalor, wretchedness, and famine.

Now, this state of things must not be allowed to continue. Either let us go on to weed out the inhabitants of the coast, as we did that of the inland valleys, or else let them have land enough to call forth their highest physical and intellectual energies.

We have been looking at this question from the peasants' point of view, but from the landlords' point of view a mistake has been made. His rent is not what it might have been, any more than the comfort of his peasantry. We know a small township on the estate of Clyth which, in the early part of the century, being regarded as "fit only for beasts," was let for £7. The same ground is now let for more than £200! This increase was the result of the labour of evicted crofters from Sutherland, who were allowed to settle on the dreary waste referred to. These "barbarous" crofters trenched, drained, fenced, and built their huts with the extraordinary result mentioned.

Then where is the *influence* of the lairds as leaders of men? Is it not heard also on all hands that the soil which is tilled does not yield what it once yielded. Then, though the Duke of Argyll tells us that sheep are real reclaimers of land, is it not known that the pasture on which they feed is fast deteriorating? This is even made an excuse now for deer forests. Verily, it is a hard task to untie the knot which has been made. That task is to raise the status of the crofter. It is pleasant to see Lady Cathcart recognising this duty. With a higher status, with more land, the crofter will acquire that self-respect and independence which

will lead him to educate his children in such a way as to foster in them a spirit of enterprise which will make them seek their fortunes anywhere rather than remain in misery at home.

It may possibly be right that the Highland peasantry should disappear. It may be for the good of the nation. But if so, we hope the nation herself will look into the matter, as indeed, she is doing. The decision must not be left in the hand of the individual landlord. Even the Red Indian is now protected in his poor rights, and, if only for the sake of artistic variety, what remains of an old race should not, without good reason, be allowed to vanish or live in abject, hopeless poverty. A crofter's life must be a hard one, but with fair-play, with security, with wise guidance and careful instruction by his superiors, it is infinitely preferable to the life of myriads in our great cities. This view strongly impressed itself on my mind when my duties as a missionary brought me into close contact with many of the slums and wynds of Edinburgh. There is a possibility of success in the towns, which cannot be found in the country, but there is a possibility of sinking to a lower depth. I have often met Highlanders in those *one-roomed* houses in the city to which Mr Bright referred in terms which must have given a shock to those who think that there is nothing but progress to be seen among us, and in my heart I wished them, and their puny children, away in the worst huts in the Lews. The savour of a Highland hut, at once a byre and a home, is fragrant as the smell of Lebanon compared to the savour of many of those places where thousands in our cities live. Cities are a necessity, and in them we must look for the noblest specimens of humanity, but they breed a rottenness, physical and moral, which will end in death, unless a fresh stream of healthy, rural manhood shall constantly flow into and purify their seething corruption. Surely the source of this stream is to be found in a well-conditioned peasantry removed from the corrupting influence of wealth on the one side, and on the other from the enfeebling effects of a despairing poverty.

Now, it is clear that despair, conscious or unconscious, is of necessity the familiar friend of many of our crofters. There is at present no chance for him to rise at home in the social scale. Everything above him is too high for him to aspire to, and so,

perhaps, he wrings his hands, and does not do what he might do. Thus our cities have a much higher interest in the land question than that of mutton. They need strong men of sound limb, and high character, as well as mutton. Under a better system of land tenure they would have more of both and of a higher quality. At the same time the small farmer who cultivates his own farm is more to be envied than his son who goes into the town. Only a small minority can ever rise above the condition they were born in. We need take no account of them in thinking of what is for the general weal of the majority, who are and will be doomed to physical toil. But toil on the hillside is preferable, under right conditions, to toil in the factory. Said a learned advocate once to me—"Weed out your crofters, and send them to the cities." (His oldest son, a fine boy of ten, was playing at the time on the heather by his side). "Sir," I said to him, "you know city life, you know the circumstances of the artizan, and his labourers. Suppose, now, you were under the hard necessity of choosing for your son, there, an average crofter's life, or that of a working man in a large town, which of the stern alternatives would you prefer?" My gifted and philanthropic friend was silent for a moment, and then replied with warmth, "I should choose the croft rather than the mill for him." Quite so. At the same time there will always be a surplus which must leave their homes, and the better off they are at home, the better fitted will they be to benefit themselves and the new places they go to. I trust that in the coming struggle in behalf of an oppressed, but still noble race, our true Highland lairds—alas, that they, too, should have been so much cleared out—will distinguish themselves by a genuine love of country and kin.

Mr Mackenzie deserves the best thanks of the community for drawing attention, in his able book, to the past sufferings of the Highlands, and to the social condition which has directly sprung from them.

A. C. SUTHERLAND.

SELLAR'S TRIAL.—Mr Mackenzie of the *Celtic Magazine* has issued his promised reprint of "The Trial of Patrick Sellar." It is a very curious document indeed, and illustrates the fact that considerable progress in the way of a pure administration of the law has been effected in Scotland since the year 1816.—*Christian Leader*.

Correspondence.

MR PATRICK SELLAR AND THE SUTHERLAND CLEARANCES.

The following correspondence, which explains itself, will, just now, prove interesting. It was crushed out of our last issue:—

HALL GROVE, BAGSHOT, 2nd March 1883.

SIR,—As an executor, and the eldest son of the late Mr Patrick Sellar, I have to address you with reference to a book recently published by you, and entitled "The History of the Highland Clearances."

In that book you reprint as authoritative and trustworthy the letters of Donald Macleod. These letters—originally published, as it would appear, in or about the year 1840, in the *Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle* (a newspaper which at no time was of any authority in Scotland, and then was in its last days)—contain false and calumnious accusations against my father—accusations which you reproduce as if they were true.

No reader of your book could suppose from its contents that, as the fact is, every article of Macleod's accusations had been embodied in the indictment preferred against my father at the trial in April 1816, when he was declared to be completely exonerated by the unanimous verdict of a Scottish jury of 15 men, in whose verdict the presiding Judge expressed his "entire concurrence." The whole of the malicious and baseless accusations preferred against my father—the identical accusations made long subsequently by Macleod—fell at once to the ground for want of evidence to support them, when brought to the test of a judicial enquiry.

But, further, you publish in Macleod's fifth letter, also as authoritative and trustworthy, a letter from the Sheriff-Substitute, Mr Robert Mackid, to Lord Stafford, dated 30th May 1815, containing a series of similarly false and malicious accusations against my father. Mr Mackid's accusations, which led to the trial of April 1816, where they were found to be baseless, led also to an action being brought by my father against him, and that action only ended by the abject submission of the defendant and by his writing a letter of retraction and regret, of which the following is a copy:—

"DRUMMUIE, 22nd September 1817.

"Sir,—Being impressed with the perfect conviction and belief that the statements to your prejudice, contained in the precognition which I took in Strathnaver, in May 1817, were, to such an extent, exaggerations as to amount to absolute falsehoods, I am free to admit that, led away by the clamour excited against you, on account of the discharge of the duties of your office, as factor for the Marchioness of Stafford, in introducing a new system of management on the Sutherland estate, I gave a degree of credit to those mis-statements of which I am now thoroughly ashamed, and which I most sincerely and deeply regret. From the aspersions thrown on your character, I trust you need not doubt that you are already fully acquitted in the eyes of the world. That you would be entitled to exemplary damages from me, for my participation in the injury done you, I am most sensible; and I shall, therefore, not only acknowledge it as a most important obligation conferred on me and on my innocent family, if you will have the goodness to drop your lawsuit against me, but I shall also pay the expenses of that suit, and place at your disposal towards the reimbursement of the previous expenses which this most unfortunate business has occasioned to you, any sum you may exact, when made acquainted with the state of my affairs—trusting to your generosity to have consideration to the heavy expense my defence has cost me,

and that my connection with the unfortunate affair has induced me to resign the office of Sheriff-Substitute of Sutherland. I beg further to add, that in case of your compliance with my wish here expressed, you are to be at liberty to make any use you please of this letter, except publishing it in the newspapers, which I doubt not you will see the propriety of objecting to.—I am, sir, your most obedient servant,

“ROBERT MACKID.

“Addressed to Patrick Sellar, Esq., of Westfield, Culmally.”

This letter is formally recorded in the Books of Council and Session at Dornoch, and the original was inserted in open Court, in the Sheriff Court Books of Sutherlandshire, and registered as a “probative writ,” on November 13th, 1817, and you can refer to it accordingly. Mr Mackid paid the costs of the action against him and substantial damages, and he also resigned his office of Sheriff-Substitute.

I put it to you whether, in common fairness, and even supposing you could justify the reproduction under any circumstances of these calumnies of Mackid and Macleod, you were not and are not bound to give your readers some indication that those identical calumnies were, every one of them, the same which had been long before disproved in a Court of Law, and to make them aware that Mackid had abjectly retracted in writing his share of the calumnies, while Macleod's were stale reproductions, five-and-twenty years after the events, of what at the utmost certain witnesses had professed themselves at the preliminary examination to be ready to state, but which they could not sustain an oath at the trial.

It is not easy to conceive that you can have been ignorant of the record of the trial, or of the retraction by Mackid of the accusations contained in his wicked letter of the 30th May 1815. Nor is it easy to understand for what cause you have reproduced those disproved calumnies against a dead man—calumnies, holding up to public execration one whose accusers had collapsed at the touch of legal investigation, and who had been legally proved to be, and (as appears from the evidence given at the trial), was absolutely innocent of the charges preferred against him.

I now ask you what reparation you are prepared to make for your reproduction of these false and wicked calumnies, holding myself free to take such course in the matter as may seem proper after I learn your decision?—Yours faithfully.

THO. SELLAR.

Alexander Mackenzie, Esq., F.S.A. Scot., Editor of the
Celtic Magazine, Inverness.

“CELTIC MAGAZINE” OFFICE,

INVERNESS, March 5th, 1883.

SIR,—I am in receipt of your favour of 2nd inst. You can scarcely expect me to reply to it in detail, keeping in view its last two lines.

I may, however, say that the objects I had in view are set forth in the preface to my book, and that it could not possibly have been meant to damage anyone.

I was acquainted with the result of Mr Sellar's trial in 1816. Macleod states it, and the book contains it. I am now preparing a new edition of the trial for the press, so that the public may be in possession of all the facts of the case. It would have been printed ere now were it not that my copy of it wants a few leaves, and I am waiting for a complete one which is to reach me to-morrow.*

I was not aware of the existence of Mackid's letter, which you quote, or I would certainly have printed it in a foot-note, and I will do so yet if the work goes into a second edition; for I have no personal feeling in the matter.

* Since published, with Introductory Remarks, and can be had free, by post, from the *Celtic Magazine* Office, for 18 postage stamps.—ED. C. M.

That Macleod's letters were to be reproduced in my "Highland Clearances" was advertised for months; and I happen to know that members of your family were aware of the fact. It therefore seems somewhat curious that you or some of them did not call my attention to Mackid's letter. When you consider that, according to the conditions declared in the letter itself, it was not to appear in the newspapers at the time, it was not a document which was at all likely to be much known, except to those more immediately concerned.

You would have noticed that some sentences in Macleod's book have been left out, and others considerably toned down in my work.

The great facts of the Sutherland Clearances, as described in Macleod's book, and fully corroborated by other writers, are as true historically as those of the massacre of Cawnpore, and I cannot understand how any one, however closely interested, can expect that such a chapter in the History of the Highlands, with its various lessons, can be permitted to fall into oblivion.

Your father was acquitted of the specific charges brought against him in Court; but the object of my book is to make it impossible that a law should be allowed to remain on the Statute-Book which still permits the same cruelties to be legally carried out in the Highlands as were carried out in Sutherland during the first half of the present century.

I am of opinion that I have, in all the circumstances of the times in which we live, simply done my duty in re-publishing so much of Macleod's book. If I am wrong in this opinion I must prepare myself for the consequences of my error. Meanwhile, and in view of your threat, I cannot enter into any further personal correspondence on the subject. With all respect,—I am, sir, yours faithfully,

A. MACKENZIE.

Thomas Sellar, Esq., Hall Grove, Bagshot.

THE LATE MRS HELEN MATHESON OR BELL.—On the 7th April, and almost under the shadow of the house in which, eighty-four years ago, she was born, the grave closed over the remains of Mrs Helen Matheson or Bell, the last survivor of a family which once exercised no small influence in the North. Her father was Colin Matheson of Bennetsfield, the acknowledged chief of his clan, and once the proprietor of the valuable estates of Bennetsfield, and the two Suddies. Her mother was Grace, daughter of Patrick Grant of Glenmoriston, while her maternal grandmother was a daughter of James Grant of Rothiemurchus. This connection of the Bennetsfield family with that of Rothiemurchus was of material service to the large family—seven sons and seven daughters—of which Mrs Bell was the last survivor; for Sir John Peter Grant the first, to his many other excellent qualities, added the good old Highland virtue of a kindly interest in his deserving relatives. Hence the early connection with our Indian Empire of Mrs Bell, her brother Patrick, and his sons. In India she married Dr William Bell, of the H.E.I.C. Service, a man of kindly heart and sincere piety, the friend of Metcalf, Pennifather, and other ornaments of the Indian school of evangelical religion. Of this school the late Mrs Bell was a worthy disciple; and there are many in Inverness who will long miss her cheering words and simple, unostentatious, charities. She was gathered to her fathers in the old churchyard of Suddie, her nephew, Colin Milne-Miller of Kincurdy, acting as chief mourner. He is the last of her race—the Mathesons of Bennetsfield—to own land in the county where once they held large and valuable estates.